

For Once, Alya Let Him Be Cool

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Summary: As happy as he was for his friends, he couldn't help but note the envy in Alya's eyes as she complimented her friend's shiny engagement ring. He couldn't let that go, not when he'd bought Alya's engagement ring months before Adrien even started looking.

For Once, Alya Let Him Be Cool

**A/N: Another word vomit I did a while back before an exam XD I'm going to slowly start uploading my one shots on here :) if you want to read my multichapter fanfics here is my A03

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"Why are we here, Nino?" Alya asked as she slammed the door of the silver sedan shut. Her sneakers scuffed the rocks of the gravel parking lot as she made her way to her boyfriend who was rummaging the back of his car.

He put hand back to block her from looking at what he was doing.

"Just stay there for a sec, kay?"

Alya rolled her eyes, but did as he asked anyways. He'd been acting strange the whole way here. In fact, he'd been acting strange since he'd called her. He was still being dorky Nino, but tense dorky Nino, the boy she hadn't seen since they were in collÃ©ge. "You drag me out of my house at 3a.m. for a spur of the moment road trip, make me guide you all the way to Deauville, and now you're giving me orders?"

"If you could chill for like point five seconds Alya maybe you'd appreciate what I'm trying to do here." His muffled voice called out to her as he still rummaged through the back seat. Alya made a mental note to remind him to clean the car when they got back.

"What _are _you trying to do Nino?"

He didn't answer since he'd finally found whatever he needed. Nino spun her the other way as he put something on her head. She kept trying to look over her shoulder but his arms held her in place.

"Hold still," he chided as he slid a cotton sleep mask over her eyes.

"Now you're blind folding me! This is great. Just fucking wonderful, Nino. Are you planning on murdering me by any chance? Because I'll have you know even with this blindfold I could kick your scrawny ass." She dug her feet into the ground in a feint attempt to thwart him, but she kept when he tugged at her hand.

Nino smiled when she evened her pace with his. "My ass is not scrawny. In case you're having memory issues, you can consult your Instagram post from three days ago."

He knew he'd managed to embarrass her when it took more than two seconds for her to snap back at him.

"Doesn't change the fact that I'll kick your butt. So! Where are you taking me?"

"It's a surprise Alya. It kind of defeats the purpose if I tell you where we're going."

Nino knew he had to step up his game when Adrien proposed to Marinette two weeks ago. As happy as he was for his friends, he couldn't help but note the envy in Alya's eyes as she complimented her friend's shiny engagement ring.

He couldn't let that go, not when he'd bought Alya's engagement ring months before Adrien even started looking. Which was why he'd brought her all the way to the beach- specifically this beach.

This was where he'd debuted his internationally successful indie film- where she had her first major press event- and here on the promenade where they both stood was where they'd had their first official date as a couple.

He let go of her hand as he snapped a photo her looking utterly miffed in a blindfold. He sent it to his nosy friends with the caption "Wish me luck!_-".

His still-blindfolded girlfriend was curiously sticking one foot off the edge of the promenade. "Why do I feel a ledge?! Nino, are you seriously planning on killing me?!"

He laughed as he took both her hands, leading her closer to the middle of the deck. "It's not even half a meter down, babe."

He flipped up the sleep mask and pointed over her shoulder, showing her the streak of red sun rising over the sea. "The first sunrise of the New Year."

Alya turned her head back to him and furrowed her brows in confusion. "Last I checked it was still September."

"Ethiopian New Year. You remember my mom talking about it once." Nino didn't have to say more for her to know what he meant.

"Enkutatash." _The gift of jewels_ Alya knew his mother spoke of it, but she also knew that Nino never partook in it.

"Yeah. We don't really celebrate it, but I thought this year I might make a little acceptance because the name seemed rather fitting."

He stepped back away from and took a deep breath. The rising sun behind her made her look every bit like a goddess-even if she was oversized hoodie and some track pants.

He could feel the nervous sweat accumulating at his back and forehead. He'd did his best to stay upright on one knee and hold out the red velvet box between his fingers.

"Nino! I don't know what to say!" She was stunned speechless, with her eyes wide behind her glasses- that was until they narrowed like she'd found some horrid flaw in his plan. "How dare you propose to me while I look like this! Where are the cameras? Where are our friends?"

He sighed and shifted, he knew this would happen. He remained on one knee as he waited for her to calm down before he lifted the lid of the box. "I wanted to actually surprise you when I proposed but with our friends that's an impossibility, so consider this a sort of pre-proposal."

Alya's warm amber eyes didn't leave the garnet pendant. It was a simple round princess cut stone surrounded by a circle of diamonds which hung on thin sterling silver.

"A necklace?" she asked even though she knew full well what it was.

She moved her hair out of the way so he could put it on.

"It matches the very pretty ring I got you. Both are Marinette approved."

"Oh Nino!" She faked a swoon before she pushed him off the deck, promptly tackling him afterwards.

Nino wasn't given a chance to speak as she smothered his mouth in kisses. He hoped no one was nearby because Alya was practically eating his face off. When they both ran out of air, they parted, laughing and rolling around in the cold beach until Nino felt an odd itch at his back.

"Ugh, can we go make out in hotel instead? I think this sand might be giving me a rash."

Alya just laughed and tugged on his hand dragging him back to where she assumed the car would be, but stopping seconds later. "Since I was blindfolded all the way here, it might be smarter to let you guide us back."

He wordlessly took her hand, proudly guiding her back to the car. He smiled all the way back as he squeezed her cold hands in his abnormally large ones.

For once, Alya let him be cool.

End
file.